Mrs. Penguin's Perfect Palace



Celeste Beckerling Helen Brain Arthur Attwell

English

Story Book

Mrs. Penguin's Perfect Palace

Written by Helen Brain
Illustrated by Celeste Beckerling

Book Dash

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llustrated by Celeste Beckerling
Written by Helen Brain
Designed by Arthur Attwell with Vian Oelofsen and Jennifer Jacobs, and the help of Book Dash participants in Cape Town on 10 May 2014.
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"I wish I had a HOUSE!" said Mrs. Penguin. "I don't like living in rubbish."



"Dear Mrs. Penguin," said Papa Penguin. "We will build you a palace."



So the Penguin family set to work. "The sand is making me itch," grumbled Sissie.

"The measurements are wrong," said Boetie.

"I'm hungry," said Gobbles.

Mrs. Penguin sighed. She was doing all the work.



At last the castle was finished.



But the tide came in and washed it away.



"We'll try again," said Papa Penguin.



"Come children, we'll build Mama a mansion from stone."



So the Penguin family set to work.

"The stones are heavy," grumbled Sissie.





"The measurements are wrong," said Boetie.



"I'm still hungry," said Gobbles.

At last it was finished. But the wind came up and blew it over.





Mrs. Penguin was cross. "I'm not doing any more work," she said.



"We'll try again," said Papa.

"I can't think of anything," said Sissie. "It's too hard."

"We haven't got any cement," said Boetie. "You can't build a proper house without cement."

"I'm hungry," said Gobbles.



Mrs. Penguin sighed. She was never going to get her home.

"Just look at all this mess," she said.





Then Mrs. Penguin had an idea.



"Boetie, fetch wood," she said.

"Sissie, find nets."

"Gobbles, pick up plastic. Papa, fetch the hammer."



All day they worked.

"I'm tired," said Sissie.

"Keep working," said Mama.



"The measurements are wrong," said Boetie.

"Keep working," said Mama.

"I'm still hungry," said Gobbles.

"Keep working," said Mama.



"It's going to be wonderful," said Papa.

"You're doing a good job," said Mama.





So they worked and worked and worked and worked and worked . . .

. . . and at last the house was finished.





"Welcome to your palace," said Papa. Mrs. Penguin clapped her flippers.

"Thank you," she said. "It's Mrs. Penguin's Perfect Palace."

